

missioner's office, if conducted on a proper basis, would not only increase to an enormous extent the imports of Canadian manufactures into Britain, but could in a short time be made to be almost self-sustaining.

Englishmen, though sure, are rather slow to take up with anything new; and therefore it needs more money and time for an individual manufacturer to work up a business in this country than he can well afford. Most of our Canadian manufacturers are in need of all the capital they have, and many of them, I am sure, could use much more, therefore they cannot afford the great expense necessary to create a trade over here nor could they afford to lie out of their money for such a length of time as that implies. For an individual to establish his own business, he has to become known, to find out by degrees the right people to approach, and this takes time. Even the obtaining of a location for business premises or offices must be well thought over, and a suitable one is not readily secured.

My idea would be for the Dominion Government to rent a large building in London, where manufacturers could send samples of their products, leasing from the Government sufficient space in which to display their wares, so in that way the expense would be borne to a great extent by the parties most interested; a certain charge per foot for floor space should be made which would include desk room, and the distributing of advertising matter, and the giving of general information. Some exhibitors would likely want to send a special agent to take charge of their particular exhibit; if not, the regular staff, if proper appointments are made, would be able to look after their interests. An exhibitor finding no demand for his special line of goods, need not continue the exhibit, thereby stopping at once his expenses.

Everything being under one roof, the expenses to each exhibitor would be minimized, and all Canadian specialties could easily be found by anyone in search of them. As the different industries were established, they would probably move out to quarters of their own, thereby making room for fresh ones. In fact the institution would be a forcing house, so to speak, taking care of and bringing forward the different industries until they were able to take care of themselves.

Some such machinery as this, and the appointment of a trade commissioner is very much needed in the interest of the Dominion over here. There is at the present moment such a feeling of what I might call affectionate interest in Canada and Canadians that any enterprise from our side is reasonably sure of kindly attention. Now is the time, therefore, to let the people of the United Kingdom know that we make, and export, something besides lumber, fish and furs—that we actually have summer weather and grow fruit, and that we actually have factories and mills.

CANADA FOREVER.

London, England, 2nd June, 1900.

TRANSPLANTING LABOR.

Would you like a traveller's story for your paper? I can give you one. Or perhaps it would be more strictly in your line if I called it an industrial incident; would it not? Yes, an Industrial Incident is certainly more dignified. When saying good-bye one night at the Grand Trunk station in Montreal to a handsome young Montreal gentleman, he called my attention to a smoking car filled with a gang of French-Canadian lumbermen from Montreal and the Eastern Townships, whom he was shipping to Northern Ontario, to do what, do you suppose? To cut hemlock bark in the Muskoka woods for a tanning firm.

These horny-handed and good-natured fellows were for the most part so hilarious—this was about the Pretoria jubilation time, remember—that one could not at first distinguish signs of authority in any. But I became aware later that they were in charge of an Irishman, Caffery, who was perfectly sober. The power of talk among such a group is incredible; and one young fellow whom I will call Bill, before the train left almost wrung the hand off Mr. Harry, who was giving him warning advice. Indeed he swore to practice all the virtues—fidelity, industry and good behaviour generally, on the trip.

Finding no one whom I knew in the Pullman, I presently strolled forward to the second-class car. Here my brave boys were, talking, dozing, gesticulating, singing. When he caught sight of me Bill became a master of ceremonies, and intro-

duced me to half a dozen as "a frien' of Monsieur Harray." Then came much handshaking, with me and with each other. With a view to variety a song was suggested, and some one sang a very lugubrious French one which he said was "Marguerite;" if so she was in disguise. Next, a drunken and inane Marseillaise came from the lips and fingers of one whose hands were the soberest part of him, expressing, as they did, in some degree, the verve which his voice could not. But it evoked no chorus. Then coming over to our side of the car the best-looking and best-dressed man of the lot sang "Somebody's Waiting," of which nothing but the refrain was distinct, and assured me gravely that this was an Irish song. I suggested to one the 26 verses of the Lumberman's Alphabet, as it is sung in some of the Western States:

"A is the axe, as you very well know,
B is us Boys who can swing it al-so,
C is for chopping, which now does begin,
D is for danger, that we are all in,
E is for Echo, that through the woods rang,
F is the foreman, who headed our gang."

But nobody seemed to know it, and the proposal was rejected, probably for the reason that Mons. Jourdain, in Moliere's play, rejected an ornate composition, viz., that there was "trop de brouillamini dedans."

Here the attention of Caffery was aroused, and he began to count heads, now in this compartment, now in that. A man was missing! Where could he be? Not in our end—not in the vestibule—not on the platform—not in the closet. Calling out something in French he made a rush for the brakesman, and hinted that he was troubled with what Paddy in the owl story called "A Lost Man." Instantly every one had a version of the man's disappearance, and at least six were talking at once.

"Great Heaven! he's killed—he fell off—he jumped off—he quit the job." "He's a lache, a fool, a polisson, a son of a nigger," and any other old name that came handy. Next the conductor was called into council, and there was instant silence while he cross-questioned the party. Verdict—upon very infirm and entirely circumstantial evidence—that the man had jumped off at Lachine, where he had a sweetheart, some said a mother. What struck me most was the view Caffery took of the matter. He seemed to care nothing about the man's life if he was injured, or his feelings if he was homesick for Lachine; but it made him grave to think that eight or ten dollars good money should be wasted on a passage to Gravenhurst and no value for it. Lost men or dead men cut no bark.

With the light-heartedness that is in their nature the men soon forgot the incident. A babel of sound arose again—a mouth organ was produced. Out of this the boy of the party drew "The Wearing of the Green" in a barely recognizable form, but he did much better with "Home, Sweet Home," moving one of his companions to tears. More handshaking, in which I had to take part till my arm felt like General Grant's. One fellow pawed me over, and sang unknown slow music into my ear so long that my protector Bill seized him and stopped him with "Achille! tais toi, sacr-r r pendard," informing him that his voice was like a buzz-saw anyhow. To another over-friendly orator, who seemed one of those persons

Who take the rustic murmur of their bourg,
For the great wave that echoes round the world.

and was loading me up with parish politics, Bill said, with great ferocity, "Attendez, Jacques, que vous etes fou; laissez tranquille Monsieur." And at once thereafter, with much sweetness declared himself to me thus: "Monsieur, excuse me dere, ma frien' he's leetle foolish dis evenin', but dat's good boy all de same—Purty soon I'm showin' you some dansin'—jus' two tree minute."

And sure enough, in less time than it takes to tell, Jacques and Dominique were hard at it, one of the group doing the part of floor-manager (the "floor" being the narrow passageway of the car), and calling out the figures of a cotillon.

"Avance—balancer—shake de hand—faire grande chaine. Houp la! Balancez encore—Promenade an' salute de lady—Faire le tour—retirez vous Messieurs et Mesdames—Balance everybody. Vive Canada!—Dat's good one."

Talking with a quiet and sober-looking member of the party I found him, from his own recital, a Canadian who had left his home in Quebec at fifteen, and had some variety in life.